

cfe
38

CENTRE OF CRIMINOLOGY
LIBRARY

MAR 24 1986

OUT

LOOK

PAROLE

6511

JULY
AUG.
1984

Summer
Issue

"freedom"
by Brad

2

THE OUTLOOK / JULY-AUGUST, 1934

INDEX

PAGE

Editorial (On Prison Justice Day).....	2-3
Poetry.....	4
Comic By Brad.....	5
You Be The Judge.....	6
Crime sentencing.....	7-8
Interview with the Warden.....	9-11
Poems.....	12
Psychology.....	13
Corrections Canada.....	14
Urges More Prisoners To Seek Parole	
With This Needle, I Thee Wed.....	15
Facts About The Bible.....	16
Outer Space, A Future Convicts' Australia?.....	17-19
A Message For Teenagers.....	20
Harvey's World.....	21-26
St. Leonard's Society.....	27
John Howard Society.....	28-29
Jaycee News.....	30-31

OUTLOOK MAGAZINE IS PUBLISHED BY THE INMATES OF MARKWORTH INSTITUTION, Box 760, Campbellford, Ont., K0L 1L0. Printed at Markworth Institution.

All views and opinions expressed in OUTLOOK MAGAZINE are those of the authors. Permission to reprint any article or portion thereof is hereby given, provided credit is given to its source.

OUTLOOK MAGAZINE is printed with the authority of the warden and in line with Commissioner's Directives. All articles in this issue are subject to review by the institution's editorial committee.

STAFF

Bob Lingley (office manager)
Steve Zehr (typist & proofreader)
Larry Boettcher (co-editor)
John White (co-editor)
Bill Bradley (artist)
Dan Brown (printer)

CONTRIBUTORS

Rob Maguire
Bill Bradley
John White
Robert Jodoin
David Ivanski
Al Price
Geoff Botting
Fred MacKenzie
Bob Lingley

ON PRISON JUSTICE DAY

(Editorial)

For some years now, inmates in prisons across the country have been justifying Prison Justice Day every August.

It is extremely interesting to note how this day has changed from a day of protest against the system and everything for which it stands, to a day of meaningless, hypocritical, misunderstood symbolism.

A few years ago when Aug. 10 rolled around, the entire joint shut down. Those of us who must, for medical reasons, eat, went to the inmate committee and meals were arranged with the kitchen.

There was no work...period. The canteen shut down for the day, the sports field was empty, the gym was closed. The library was closed, as were hobbycraft area and chapels. In short, with all of us in our own cells, the joint was as silent as an abandoned mining town in the middle of the desert.

All that has changed now. The dining room opened, guys were sitting there watching to see who was or wasn't eating, who among us weren't "solid", without finding out the reason for that individual eating a meal. But whether we ate or just drank coffee, the point is that we still made use of a facility provided by the institution, still drank coffee provided by the institution.

By doing so, we invalidated the protest against the people who were providing those facilities and that coffee.

Many went to work, for whatever reason. Some areas opened up because they served the inmate population and not "the joint." (One wonders what kind of hue and cry would have been raised had the canteen operators decided not to work on PJ Day) The library was open, as was CIS for awhile, at least long enough for them to print up the TV schedules. No doubt as well, people watched the videos.

Indeed, things have developed to the point that Prison Justice Day is meaningless symbolism, recognized only because of habit or because -- well, hell! -- it's a change from the norm.

One of the major problems with this day is the fact that many of the prisoners are "younger" inmates, who weren't around in the "good old days" and who don't really understand the meaning of the day or the reason why this day in particular was set aside.

cont.... PRISON JUSTICE DAY

One of the other problems that we seem to be faced with is the absolute hypocrisy we engage in when we demand "justice."

The prison subculture is a society unto itself. As a result, we operate in here just as a society operates anywhere else. We have a mayor, a town council, lawyers, churches, baseball teams and all the rest.

We also have the most violent and unforgiving form of punishment known in society today -- punishment that is exacted for the smallest infraction of our code of conduct.

Can you think of any other society that endorses capital punishment simply for the non-payment of a five-dollar debt or the theft of a package of cigarettes?

Can you think of a society that inflicts serious corporal punishment, such as stabbing, piping or beating simply because a person is not like, looks or acts "different" or because he cannot relate to other members of the society?

We, today, once a year call for prison justice. But should we not first examine ourselves, our society, and see whether we are just? Should we not clean up our own back yard before demanding that society on the street treat our society fairly?

One wonders what would happen if the outside society were to start using our code of ethics and our code of punishment to deal with people on the street. Certainly things would change, and change drastically.

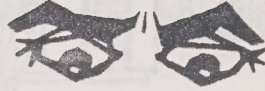
Crime rates would drop considerably the minute it was realized that if you stole, the owner of the store was going to track you down and stick a knife in your back. People would be sure to make loan payments on time if they knew that would they be late, the bank manager was going to show up with a shank or a baseball bat.

Yes, we want justice, but without first proving that we deserve to be treated in a just and humane manner. How can we deserve or demand just treatment when we ourselves treat each other in such an unjust manner?

Perhaps that day should be spent, not only calling for the outside "society" to treat us justly, but also for ourselves to contemplate on how we treat each other and resolve that we will prove that justice by demonstrating the fact that we ourselves can be just.

Only then will a "Prison Justice Day" have any meaning or validity.

Bob Maguire



LOVING A PRISONER

***** By T.D. Zaragoza

Loving a prisoner is hard, they say,
 And loving one man is a high price to pay.
 It's loving him with no strings to stay,
 It's living, missing, and wanting your man in life every day.
 It's answering his letter, expressing love his way,
 It's going to see him on visiting days.
 It's taking pictures for memory days.
 It's holding together for elder original years.
 It's walking to freedom without any more brown sugar lonely tears.
 It's making your sad, long night's dreams of bars and walls disappear.
 It's being in each other's arms.
 It's being with the one people said, "It couldn't be done."

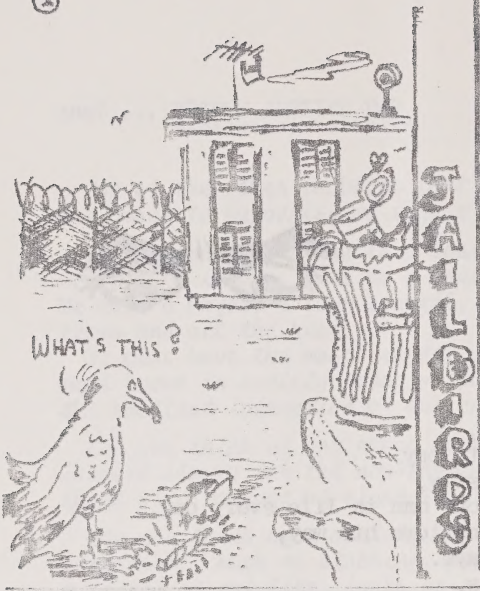
CONVICT'S LIFE

***** By Travis

life chilly/
 life cold
 destined gloom/
 life behold
 flowing river/
 leaking mind
 common sense/
 left behind
 running back/
 to move ahead
 dripping blood/
 people fled
 lonely man/
 not a ride
 on this spot/
 laid & died
 destined gloom/
 he behold
 convict's life/
 now foretold.

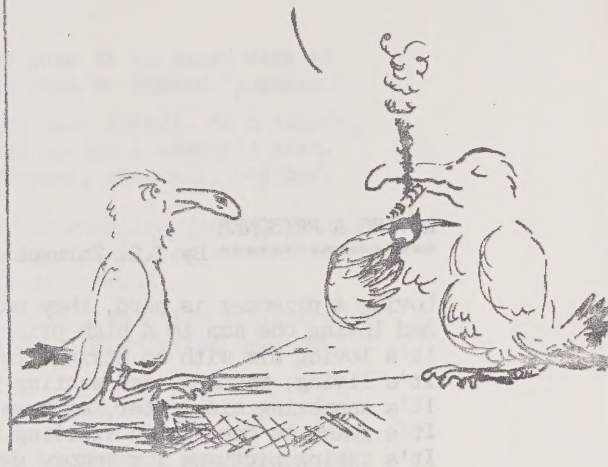


①

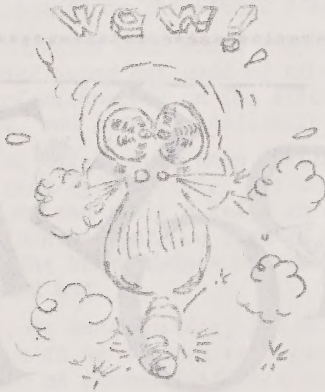


②

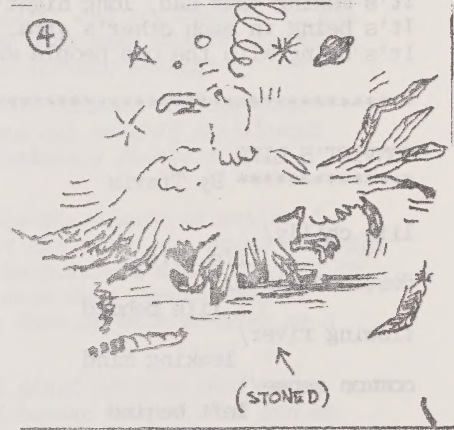
IT'S "HERB", THE INMATES SMOKE IT ALL THE TIME...



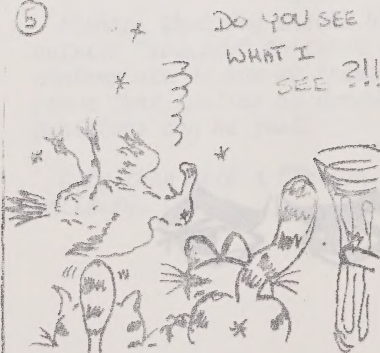
③



④



⑤



⑥



(5)

Bd726-04

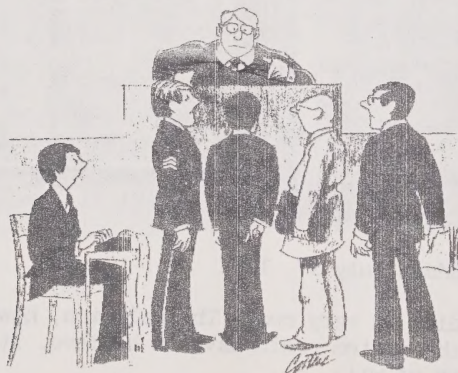
YOU BE THE JUDGE by the "SATURDAY EVENING POST"

Carter was tried for rape in Washington, D.C., in 1969 and found not guilty by reason of insanity. The reason was that he told his court-appointed psychiatrist he had committed more than 300 rapes. The psychiatrist therefore testified in court that Carter was a sexual sadist and insane. After five years in St. Elizabeth's mental hospital, he applied to the federal court for release.

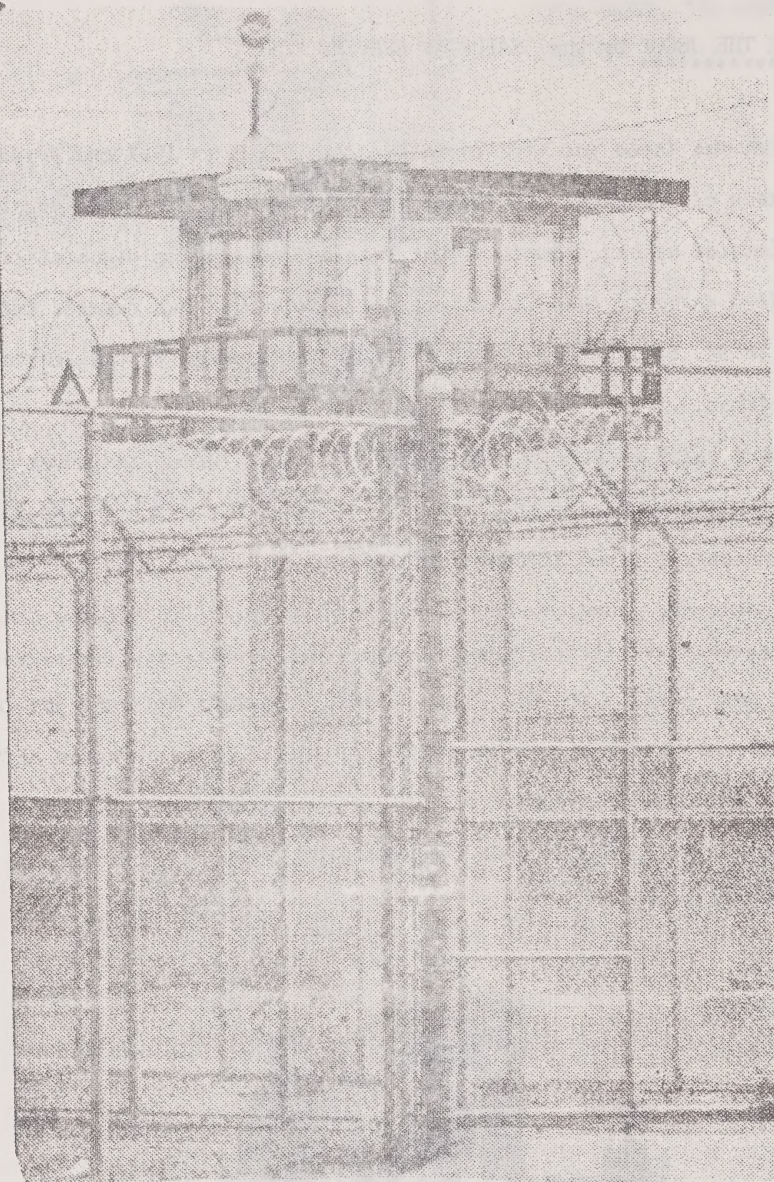
"I want out," Carter told the judge. "I'm not insane and never was; I told the court and the psychiatrists back at my trial a lot of lies just to make them think I was insane. I never really raped 300 women - it was only five or six." If you were the judge, would you order the hospital to release Carter?

Carter goes free, ruled the judge. Mental hospitals are only for the insane, and although Carter is a liar, he is not insane. Nor can he be retried, because ~~that~~ would be double jeopardy.

[Based on a 1975 federal case in Washington, D.C.]



PRISON OVERCROWDING



Kingston Whig Standard July 17, 1984

Prison overcrowding is very real. The solution, however, is not as elusive as those who run the system would have us believe. It's not as much a lack of resources as a lack of will.

If there's anything that the system doesn't need, it's more money to do more of the same — build more prisons. Prison systems are not simply receptacles for the courts, totally dependent on harshcont.

CREATIVITY IN SENTENCING (cont.)....

sentencing practices. In most cases there are perfectly legal ways and alternatives. Restitution, community service work and professional counselling are only a few.

The time has come for the administration to place pressure on courts and legislatures to establish and practise alternative punishments.

Rhetoric to the contrary, the bulk of prison inmates are not violent. This is a myth fashioned not by the law-and-order crowd, but by the correctional professionals seduced by the drama inherent in characterizing their charges as beyond the pale. Detention centres overflow with those convicted of misdemeanors. Provincial prisons are filled with petty offenders.

Federal prisons bulge with white-collar offenders.

And now, here we are again, our prisons bursting at the seams with young men who, like caged animals, each day grow more resentful of their keepers. The rolling pressures in Canada's prisons have nowhere to go, so they build until ignited by a spark.

When that happens, we shake our head in mock surprise, asking what went wrong. We know the answer: it is the

same today as it was 150 years ago. Human beings will not quietly suffer cruelty.

The prison population in Canada has grown at an unprecedented rate in the last three years. What is needed is a complete re-evaluation of our approach to crime and punishment. We, who have enshrine liberty in our national scriptures, imprison more people per capita than any industrial nation on earth except the Soviet Union and South Africa.

Our prison sentences, which are quickly becoming the longest in the world, could be cut in half and still be too long. We throw people in prison whose crimes against property could be better addressed through restitution and community service. We could rely on supervised probation if we poured the kind of money into that system that now goes down the prisons sinkhole.

But we are mired in the prison experiment, unable to free ourselves, unwilling to be bold and creative. We will pay a terrible price for our failure. The next fire is now smouldering in every prison in Canada.

W.V. Innes

Inmate, Beaver Creek

80 - MAN UNIT REPLACES S-3

DOUBLE - BUNKING

ENDS BY MID 1985 ?

Double-bunking at Warkworth will end hopefully by July of 1985, says Warden Hank Neufeld.

In an interview with Outlook Magazine, Mr. Neufeld said he does not like the idea of double-bunking cells, but hasn't been able to do much about it.

"When inmates are sent here, we have to accept them and we have to find room for them," he said.

The federal government has ordered an end to double-bunking in all prisons by next July, but Mr. Neufeld says it will not be easy to achieve.

"I'm not naive enough to think it will be easy," he said.

A new 80-man unit for Warkworth is planned for about the same time, intended to replace the present 40-man S-3 unit which inmates have nicknamed "Camp Aluminum."

The new unit is still in the planning stages and Mr. Neufeld said that while the present S-3 will be phased out, "it may not be done as quickly as we'd like to see it done."

GOVERNMENT CHANGE

Mr. Neufeld said the recent change in the federal government, which saw the Progressive-Conservatives sweep the Liberals from power with a huge majority, should not have an immediate

effect on the Canadian prison system.

"For the immediate future, I don't see the election results having any influence," he said. "The Commissioner of Corrections is a public service appointment, although he reports directly to elected officials."

"There's no doubt that down the road, some changes will take place in broad policy. There could be legislative changes, too, but I have no idea what they might be."

A great deal of it would depend on who becomes solicitor-general," Mr. Neufeld said.

Commenting on the possibility of future paroles being harder to get, Warden Neufeld said that right now prisons are trying to free as many bed spaces as they can.

"We need them for new inmates coming in," he said. "I can't say if that will change or not."

PAROLE

He said neither he nor any other warden has any control over the National Parole Board.

"They are a completely separate organization," he said. "But they do rely heavily on recommendations from the institution when they make their decisions."

He said the best way to get

(cont. next page)

parole is for an inmate to convince his case management team that he's ready for it.

"Whether or not you like working with them, you have to work with them," he said.

"When I make a decision, I listen to the case management team."

Mr. Neufeld told the Outlook that case management officers should evaluate all cases individually and give each one a fair look.

WAS IN MOUNTIES

Mr. Neufeld, who got involved with the correctional services in 1974 after 23 years with the Royal Canadian Mounted Police and three years as head of security for the secretary of state, worked in Ottawa and Kingston as regional director, then was warden at Joyceville for one year and Willhaven for 2½ years before going back to Ottawa. He arrived at Warkworth in the spring of 1983.

He told the Outlook that the basic approach of the correctional services is that no inmate is forced to rehabilitate himself.

"We make rehabilitation programs available," he said. "We don't force anybody."

"It would be good for an inmate to make use of what's available, though. It can lead to an early release."

Prisons can't afford the facilities to set up individualized programs, he said, so programs have to be standardized, which means everybody might not get the same

benefit from them.

He said he does not usually enquire much about the background of an inmate, but is mainly interested in what he is doing and how he is getting along while in the institution.

He also does not believe people who blame society for their problems.

\$13 MILLION BUDGET

Warkworth, with a \$13 million annual budget, would cost \$35 million to build today, Warden Neufeld said.

The budget for the construction of the planned 80 man unit is \$3.4 million.

He admitted the prison is crowded, saying its present facilities were designed for 400 inmates and the current population is about 550. That creates problems, he said, but he does not believe there are serious problems here.

He has heard inmate complaints about food services and says he has had investigators here from Ottawa looking into food preparation.

"They found no problems," he said. "The food coming in here, much of it produced at other institutions, is top quality and the serving of meals follows regional menus prepared by a dietician."

He said he has heard no accusations of employees taking food out with them, but added: "That is not permitted."

"If that happened, it wouldn't reduce the amount of food served; it would just increase my budget," he said.

Commenting on the recently-opened family-visit trailer, Mr. Neufeld said he wanted it opened well before this, but

WARKWORTH'S WARDEN (cont.)....

delays in getting the proper kind of fencing kept it "on hold" for awhile.

It was actually opened a year before it was originally scheduled.

"A family visit trailer was a very low priority for Warkworth, as far as CSC was concerned," Mr. Neufeld said. "They thought everybody here was able to get passes easily.

"It wasn't until they found out that was not the case that it was moved up in the schedule."

CASE MANAGEMENT

Commenting on the case management system operating in Warkworth, Warden Neufeld said it works well with the right people involved.

"It may not be right for everybody," he said, adding: "I would not condone abuse."

He said he does not want to create a system where inmates expect case management teams to do everything for them, but wants the system to be fair.

"You have to do things for yourself," he said.

"When the living unit concept was established, everybody expected it to be the greatest thing going. It hasn't worked for everybody, but it is better than the way things were."

"A 'one-to-one' situation would be better, but that's far too expensive."

He said he is a firm

believer in alternatives to imprisonment, especially for young, first-time offenders.

"I would definitely like to see alternatives to incarceration," he said. "You'd have to find some way to get a hold of young kids and direct them away from crime before they do something serious enough to send them to prison."

With an average inmate's stay in Warkworth of 2½ years, including life terms, Mr. Neufeld said one of his goals is to make things as comfortable as possible for both inmates and staff.

"I want to make sure that inmates, as much as possible -- keeping in mind that they are in prison -- don't hate the place so badly that it will affect them adversely, and that staff won't hate the thought of coming to work," he told the Outlook.

"A bad atmosphere would not do anybody any good -- inmates or staff. I want to make sure, as much as possible, that there isn't a bad atmosphere here."

He sees family contact as "absolutely the most important program" for inmates to keep hold on reality. "It is your real world contact and they're the people to whom you'll ultimately be responsible," he said.

While he admits that facilities may not be adequate for the present population, he believes "Warkworth is one of the best."

By John White
and Bill Bradley.
Outlook Staff.



THE BLESSEDNESS OF A WOMAN



You are God's beautiful creation,
The one I married in His name.
Your beauty is such an amazement
For those whom you put to shame.

Your love is warm and so touching
To the heart and its frame.
I, the one who married you,
Will love you time and time again.

Your loveliness is worth all the gold
On Earth; this is to your fame.
But for me to store you away like treasure
Would surely make me insane.

To fulfill my dreams of your wonderful love,
That is no game.
A loving husband I wish to be,
If to you that's all the same.

By Robert Jodoin.

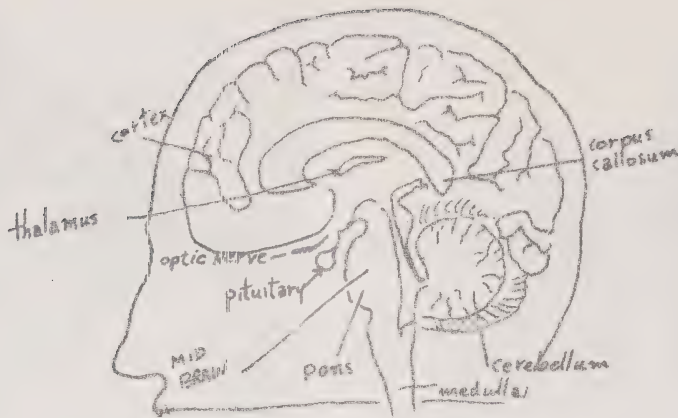
REMINDED OF YOU

Today I was reminded of you.....
Taken back to a special place in time.....
And as I thought of you,
A certain sadness filled my heart.

Even though the memories we have are beautiful
And thinking back on them
Fills my heart with joy,
My eyes also swell with tears
Because we are so far apart,
And I miss you very much.

By Dave Ivanski





WHAT ABOUT PSYCHOLOGY?

As an inmate here, I've noticed that a startling number of our population has gross misconceptions about the role of the psychology department. Many seem to feel that psychology falls somewhere between parole and psychosis. Perhaps its time for a little bit of clarification and a look from a slightly different perspective.

The most common objection I hear is: "What do I need it for?" Well, for starters, we might do well to realize that for some reason or other, we have all been removed from the ranks of society, many of us more than once. Even without that, though, we could also say that very few of us know and understand ourselves or each other as well as we would like to, or as well as we should.

The opportunity exists to accomplish a lot, most of it of a very personal nature. One of the biggest problems of institutional life is that it's so impersonal. In that case, the psychology department represents a real oasis within the fence.

Let's examine one of the most common misconceptions, namely the distinction between psychology and psychiatry:

Psychology -- The science dealing with the mind and with mental and emotional processes.

Psychiatry -- The branch of medicine dealing with disorders of the mind, including psychosis and neurosis.

That, according to Webster's Dictionary, is the difference, and great it is indeed!

I would not be so naive as to claim that there are none among us who would not benefit from the services of a psychiatrist, but neither would I be too inclined to say that there are many among us who could not benefit from the services of a psychologist.

When I'm working on a project, I like to know the materials and tools I'm using.; I like to know their strengths and weaknesses. I like to use them to their full potential. I take pride in that. Why, then, should I not try to apply the same principles to my life? Why should I not try to learn as much about myself as I can? Why should I not try to get the most out of my potential?

The only thing that really stumps me about those people who are so vehemently opposed to the use of the psychology department is: "why not?"

Are they afraid of themselves?

--Al Price.

CORRECTIONS CANADA URGES

PRISONERS TO SEEK PAROLE

Soon, no inmate of a Canadian penitentiary will be able to hide from parole.

In the next few months, every single one of Canada's approximately 12,000 prisoners eligible for any form of early release is to be rooted out, packaged, processed and served up to the National Parole Board for consideration.

Faced with overcrowded institutions, prison officials are about to get aggressive. Inmates who don't know they are eligible for parole will be told. Those who know and don't apply will be nudged and helped along.

The effort, an enormous one, has been under way for several months. It means hiring more decision makers at the parole board, more caseworkers in Corrections Canada and opening more halfway houses for the increase in parolees that is bound to result.

The aim is to pare down the ocean of inmates that is bulging the federal system by hurrying those who deserve it through a release system that already exists. Overcrowding has already resulted in eruptions of violence and a senior prison system official says it could get worse.

Recently, Solicitor-General Robert Kaplan, who admits his faith in rehabilitation has been broken since he took the portfolio, told parole board members he'd like to see more use of a provision to release convicts after one-sixth of their sentences.

That provision is day parole, meaning the convict must return to a halfway house or prison at the end of a day.

WITH THIS NEEDLE, I THEE WED

So now, little man, you're tired of grass,
LSD, acid, cocaine and hash.
When someone pretending to be a true friend,
Says: "I'll introduce you to Miss Herion."

Well, honey, before you start fooling with me,
Let me inform you of just how it'll be;
For I will seduce you and make you my slave.
I've sent stronger men than you straight to the grave.

You'll think you could never be such a disgrace,
Then you'll end up addicted to poppy seed waste.
You'll start by inhaling me one afternoon,
Then you'll take me into your arms very soon.

Once I have entered deep down in your vein,
The craving will really drive you insane.
You'll need lots of money (have you already been told?)
For, darling, I am much more expensive than gold.

You'll swindle your mother for less than a buck;
You'll end up an animal, vile and corrupt.
You'll mug and you'll steal for a narcotic charm
And only feel happy when I'm in your arm.

One day you'll see the monster you've grown,
Then solemnly promise to leave me alone.
If you think that you'll have the mystical knack,
Just come on and try getting me off your back.

The vomit, the cramps, your guts in a knot,
The jangling nerves screaming for just one more shot,
The hot chills, the cold sweats, the withdrawal pains,
Can only be eased by my little white grains.

There is no other way, no need to look,
For deep down inside you'll know that you're hooked,
You'll desperately run to the pusher and then
You'll welcome me back to your arms once again.

And when you return as I have foretold,
You'll ultimately give me your body and soul.
You'll give up your morals, your conscience, your heart
And then you'll be mine till death do us part.

Geoff Botting.

But I assure you in the things which thou hast learned and hast been assured of, knowing of whom thou hast learned them; And that from a child thou hast known the holy scriptures, which are able to make thee wise unto SALVATION through faith which is by Jesus Christ.

II Timothy 3: 14, 15

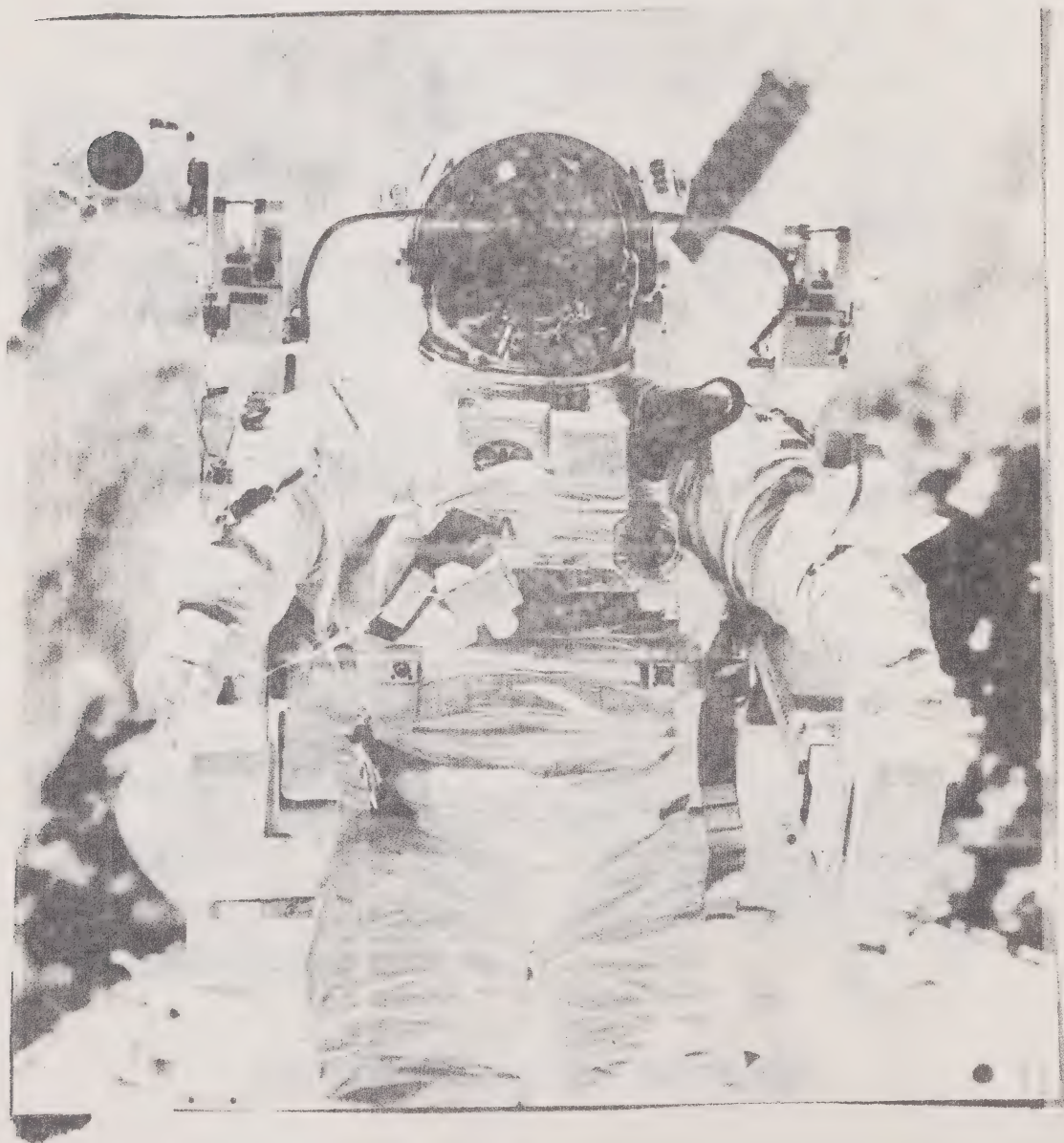
Facts About The BIBLE

TOO EFFECTIVE



Kingston Whig Standard

OUTER SPACE A FUTURE CONVICTS' AUSTRALIA?
THE GAZETTE, MONTREAL, WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 14, 1982.



OUTER SPACE A FUTURE CONVICTS' AUSTRALIA?

(from Montreal Gazette, Oct. 14, 1981)

VANCOUVER (UPC) -- Earth's worst outlaws may be the pioneers of space, if a prediction from a Simon Fraser University criminology professor comes true.

"I believe in the not very distant future there will be conditions very similar to the conditions that led Britain and France to transport their criminals in the Eighteenth Century to their former colonies," says Dr. Ezzat Fattah.

A native of Egypt, where he earned his undergraduate degree before emigrating to Canada 20 years ago, Fattah founded the criminology department at SFU in 1974, after earning his MA and PhD at the University of Montreal.

His area of specialty has always been "social control", or the methods by which society deals with criminal behavior.

OVERCROWDED PRISON

In his cluttered office in suburban Burnaby, Fattah cited overcrowded prisons, rising crime rates and the need for labor in future space colonies as the basis for his prophecy. "This is a prediction -- a prediction based on a reading of history and a forecasting about the conditions that will exist in the 21st century," he said in an interview. The cost of keeping a prisoner in a penitentiary, Fattah said, now averages about \$30,000 a year, according to figures from the Solicitor-General's department.

"This problem of costs will become more and more acute and ultimately there will be a very fundamental need to look for alternatives," he said. An essential ingredient of his augury is his certainty that space colonies will soon be constructed.

"If you talk to anyone who is involved in the space program in the United States, he will tell you that having space colonies is only a matter of time. They talk about it as a matter of fact," he said.

Once these space colonies are established, there is at least in the beginning a need for guinea pigs.

"There will not be enough adventurers, enough volunteers, to man these space colonies, and these will be exactly the same conditions that existed in the 18th century in England and France," he said.

That will spur governments to think of "killing two birds with one stone" -- transporting prisoners to space as test subjects and laborers -- thereby avoiding the expenditures of vast amounts of money to build penal institutions and support convicts for the duration of their sentences.

Fattah disregards the possibility of outrage from civil libertarians because "space will be regarded as a more desirable environment than the hostile territories where convicts were once transported."

OUTER SPACE A FUTURE CONVICTS' AUSTRALIA? cont...

Australia, for example, was a penal colony for Britain until the mid 1850's, while France exiled its prisoners to the notorious Devil's Island.

He conceded that there are vast isolated areas on earth where criminals could still be banished, but maintained:

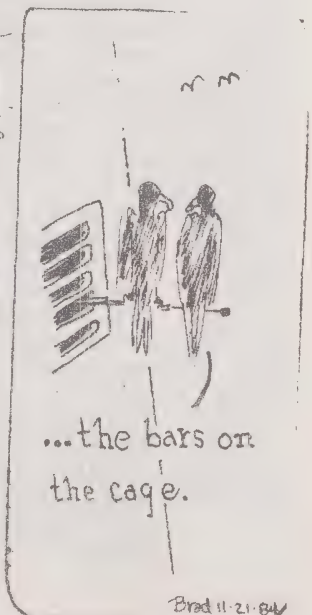
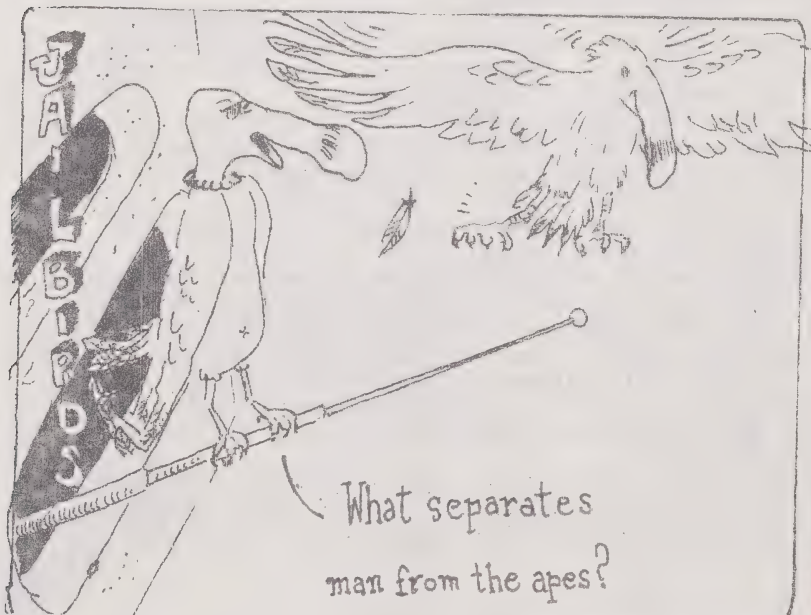
ONLY MOST DANGEROUS

"They need people in outer space to test the viability of life in space...and the decision to send criminals to space will meet with less opposition to send them to places such as the high Arctic or the South Pole!"

He predicts criminals sent into space would be employed in much the same way as in earth bound prisons - in construction projects or workshops.

Fattah has "no doubt" the United States will be the first country to send convicts into space, mainly because he feels it will be the leader in establishing space colonies.

What kind of criminals will be sent? "The most dangerous criminals," he says without hesitation. "The ones that cannot be kept within the community except at high risk. The violent criminals, the ones who are now being executed or sentenced to life in prison."



A MESSAGE FOR TEENAGERS

Life in the streets is pretty rough.
To survive, you have to learn to be tough.
You learn to pull your petty thieving scores
And you spend many of your nights
Sleeping on floors.

The life of a street kid is not so much fun.
What you really are is a miniature bum.
You think you're pretty cool and tough
On your own.
You steal your food -- candy, chips,
An ice cream cone.

When your friends are around, you play the part really cool,
But when you're alone, you're a miserable fool.
Believe in me, I know how you think:
Before too long you're popping pills,
Having plenty to drink.
You're searching, you're looking
For something to please.
(Watch out for the whores!)
(You could get disease!)

If you don't listen, jail
Is your ultimate fate.
Go home to your parents
Before it's too late.
As a kid I lived the life mentioned above.
There are two things I'm missing:
They're freedom and love.

That's right, I'm in prison.
I was a fool.
All because I had to do it myself
And play it cool.
Turn your life around NOW!
Before it's too late.
I hope never to see you come
Through this prison gate.

Fred MacKenzie.

Harvey was not the brightest of men and he knew it. He had been good enough to get into the space service, but hell! You didn't have to be bright for that.

All anybody had to do to know how bright you didn't have to be was just look at that dummy of a first mate, who only got his job because his father was some high mucky-muck in the Grand Council. There were him and all those other half-wits who really thought they knew it all, sitting up there in the command module, while Harvey was tucked away in a little cubbyhole in the bowels of the ship, tending three computer consoles in the Records and Information Department.

Why, he hadn't even had a chance to look at the last three planets they'd explored -- just pictures and descriptions of them after the fact.

It wasn't fair. He was as good as any of them and better than some -- like that idiot first mate, who had just about enough intelligence to strap himself into a suit without getting it on the wrong way around.

But he knew what they all thought of him -- good old Harve. Nice guy, but none too swift, you know. Last in his class at the academy and all that. Just throw him a bone every once in awhile and he'll be happy.

Well, that was it. Good old Harve wasn't going to be good old Harve any more. No more Mr. Nice Guy. Every other single, solitary member of the crew had had the chance to be the first to set foot on a new planet and name it. Now he was going to go to the captain and ask -- no-- demand that he be given the next one. After all, it was his right.

He was just starting to get up the courage to do it when -- surprise! surprise! The first mate walked into his little cubbyhole of an office and said: "Harve, better get ready. Somebody else can take over this for you for awhile. We make planetfall in twenty-four hours and it's your turn to take the walk."

Harvey was forgiven for not saluting when the first mate left. Saluting was the farthest thing from his mind as he stood there with his mouth hanging open and his eyes just about falling out of his head.

A slow smile spread over his nondescript features and turned into an idiotic grin, since he had forgotten to close his mouth, but that was the only outward sign he showed of his reaction to the blunt announcement.

Outside he maintained a fair degree of stoicism, while inside he was turning mental somersaults and going "Yahoo-ohboy-yippee-wow!!!"

Calmly he went to his quarters, put on his exploration uniform and left for the briefing room. Just as calmly he returned to his quarters, put his pants on the right way round and his boots on the right feet and left again. He got no sleep that night. The planet they discovered was inhabitable -- at least, it had an atmosphere of some kind, although its exact composition near the surface wouldn't be known until he got there. Then wonder of wonders on their second pass, they saw the city. According to their instruments it was abandoned, but nevertheless it was a city, with buildings and a wall, cont...

..indicating that at least at some time in the past there had been a civilization. The odds against finding a planet with evidence of civilization on it were incalculable, but here it was, and it was Harvey's -- all his own, in one manner of speaking.

In all the excitement, nobody thought to ask why they hadn't seen the city the first time around. It was substantial enough that they should have seen it, but nobody said anything.

When the time came, Harvey was suited up and checked from top to bottom. Then the shuttlecraft he was to use was fuelled up and checked out from bow to stern. Nothing was left to chance. Everything was prepared -- weapons, survival rations, water -- everything.

Then he climbed aboard, sealed himself in and was launched from the ship's huge shuttlecraft bay.

His instructions from the captain had been explicit: "Land near the city, but not near enough to be seen. Use the land cruiser to approach the place after you've checked out the atmosphere, and check the area thoroughly before you go inside the wall."

But Harvey knew all that. What did the captain think he was, some kind of halfwit?

It was a good thing that the shuttle's operation was largely computerized, because with the mental self-torment he underwent on the way down, Harvey forgot half of what he was supposed to do.

The problem was simple -- what to name the planet. The solution was not so simple as he mulled over the possible choices in his mind.

Harvey's World? Harvey's Planet? Just plain Harvey? The choice was agonizingly difficult, but it would have to be something that would stick with people.

That he could give it some name other than his own never entered his mind.

He made planetfall with no problems, five miles from the walled city. The shuttle's instruments told him the air was safe to breathe and there was no animal life large enough to be dangerous in the vicinity, so he was a bit careless with things like pressure suit and weapons when he stepped outside and readied the land cruiser. It was a thing that looked like a bubble with wheels, capable of carrying two average sized men and five hundred pounds of whatever they had with them in an air tight compartment. As he approached the city, Harvey wished he could put the top down the way he had seen people doing in those old films back home, but he knew he couldn't. It didn't bother him much.

The city was square-walled, about a half mile to a side, with a huge watchtower at each corner and smaller towers every hundred yards or so along the perimeter. Arriving and finding it sitting solidly with no cracks or holes in the walls, Harvey started a circuit of it to find the gate, knowing there had to be at least one. Only after he completed the circuit did he begin to wonder. There was no gate. Having expected something sort of medieval, to fit in with the rest of the place, he could find no way of entering. --Oh, well, a strange culture. Who knew what they could do? Maybe he had to stand there, raise his hand and say the local equivalent of "Open, Sesame" to get through. He would go around again, he decided, and check more carefully.

Once more he started out, this time slowly, carefully. He didn't have far to go. All he did was round one more corner and...

Wait a minute. This city or whatever it was was four cornered, not five-cornered, and he had gone around four corners the first time. He was sure of that, because he saw his tracks in the dirt and was following them. Yet here, big as life (bigger than life, rather) was an entrance, complete with double-doored gate and portcullis, just like a medieval castle.

Now, it wasn't there before. Harvey knew that. --or, well, he was sort of almost sure it hadn't been -- kind of.

But he couldn't doubt his senses. His eyesight was excellent and he was not prone to hallucination. There was the entrance, thirty feet wide if it was an inch and filling half the height of the forty-foot wall.

He checked the scout car's instruments and the gate registered -- wood and iron against the stone of the surrounding wall. It was real all right.

But still there was something...No. It was there and that was all there was to it.

Harvey got out of his scout car to check it more carefully, then stopped in his tracks.

The gate was opening. Slowly, with much creaking and groaning, the two sections of the gate were swinging out, though no visible hand moved them.

Harvey stood there dumbfounded, watching the gate open and the portcullis begin to rise. Then he remembered his sidearm and fumbled for it, this time managing to get it out and point it in the right direction without dropping it, all the while wishing he had landed the shuttlecraft closer so he could use its blasters.

A man stood there-- just an ordinary-looking man, not particularly prepossessing or threatening, and apparently unarmed, except for a long stick. Steadying the sidearm with both hands he aimed somewhat shakily and hollered out: "Stay where you are and drop that weapon!" Then it hit him that there was no reason for this person (thing, being --whatever) to understand English. No earth language, in fact.

The man slowly raised his free hand in the universal symbol of peace.

"Don't shoot!" he called out, not sounding nervous or frightened. "I mean no harm and this stick only serves to help me walk. May I come forward?"

"Uh, yeah, sure," said Harvey. To say that he was taken aback would be an understatement. This turn of events was entirely unexpected.

The man, with hair and beard predominantly grey, appeared to be about sixty years old and was oddly dressed in a patchwork of what looked like small animal skins and rags of cloth. He stepped forward in a manner that didn't seem to suggest he needed any sticks to walk with.

Harvey suddenly snapped out of his surprise when the man was ten feet away from him.

cont.....

"Hey, how come you speak English?", he demanded suspiciously. "Why not?" the man responded. "It's the language I was raised with."

"Wha...?" was all Harvey could manage.

"Oh, I'm not a native of this planet," said the man. "There are none, as far as I know. I'm from Chicago." When Harvey said nothing, just stood there and stared in open mouthed surprise, the man continued: "Does the name Carstairs mean anything to you?"

Carstairs. Carstairs. That name was familiar. Something about a lost ship and.... Holy Hannah.

"The Carstairs Expedition!!" said Harvey.

Sure. The Carstairs expedition had disappeared twenty years ago without a trace.

"Are you Carstairs?" he asked, incredulously.

"No," said the man. "He's dead. My name is Morton. Dr. Edward Morton. I was the expedition's chief botanist. I am also the sole survivor."

"What happened?" Harvey asked.

"We were entering orbit around this planet when a meteoroid struck us," said Morton. "We crashed here. Luckily, this planet has a breathable atmosphere.

"Most of the crew died in the crash. Just a handful of us survived and of those few, I am the last."

"But... what about this place?" Harvey asked. He was trying to remember what it was that was odd about it, but couldn't. Morton waved his free hand in a gesture of dismissal.

"As empty as the rest of this planet," he said. "Oh, there are animals -- I'm wearing some of them. But there is no intelligent life."

"Somebody had to build this," said Harvey. "What happened to them?" "Yes," said Morton. "Somebody had to build it."

He pointed to the hills a couple of miles away. "I live up there," he said. "Let's go in your vehicle and I'll show you what's left of the ship." It did not enter Harvey's mind to contact his own ship. He opened the scout car, made sure Morton was strapped in, then got in and drove. The trail was tricky but not impossible. Following Morton's directions, Harvey drove up a narrow, winding trail to a small plateau and there, surrounded by small trees, was the wreckage of an old-style ship. "My god!" said Harvey, awed at the sight. He would be famous. The man who discovered the fate of the Carstairs expedition. He could see it now. Newspapers, TV talk shows, a book with his picture on the dustjacket. "I live in the ship", said Morton. "It's still quite secure in parts and a lot of its equipment still operates." "I guess they built it to last," said Harvey, feeling an urge to say something, even something insane like that.

"They did," said Morton. "I have or can find everything I need to live -- except for one thing."

"What's that?" Harvey asked, thinking of some medicine, perhaps, or books -- something inanimate and tangible. "Friends," said Morton.

"Friends?" Harvey repeated, not quite able to believe him. Why would any man want friends if he had everything else? Women, sure, but not friends. Friends. Were only for times when you wanted something.

"Around the other side of the ship, you'll see some graves," said Morton. "One mass grave and several singles. The date on the last one is five years old."

He paused, then went on. "Being alone does strange things to someone with the least bit of intelligence. You start talking to yourself, then you imagine things."

"Yeah, I could guess," said Harvey, feeling the discomfort he always felt when conversations went like this. Why couldn't the old geezer keep his problems to himself like any normal person?

"I have had a long time now to develop my imagination," said Morton. "It's become quite vivid."

"Uh, yeah," said Harvey, wishing this conversation would end.

"That city where you found me, for example," said Morton.

"It was built by me, stone by stone, in my mind,"

"Oh, come on, doc," Harvey scoffed. "That place is real."

The walls alone must weigh a couple of thousand tons.

"I never thought to calculate the weight," said Morton.

"But come over here".

He led the way to a high rock which gave a view of the surrounding area for many miles.

"You can see it from here," he said. "Did you not wonder why your ship's instruments did not pick up on the first pass, or why you did not see the gate the first time around? It's because I forgot to put them there."

Harvey started to say, "Oh, come on," again, but Morton stopped him.

"Look at it!" he ordered, pointing to the city. "I've planted the seed of a doubt in your mind, now look at it and realize that it is not there!"

Harvey looked. Before his wondering eyes, the city faded from sight, stone by stone, tower by tower, just fading into nothing. "Optical illusion," he said uncertainly. "Was it?" Morton asked. "Its existence was an optical illusion, but not its disappearance. Now you are seeing the truth. Part of the truth, anyway," he finished quietly. "Yes," Morton said when neither of them had spoken for a few seconds. "It was my imagination, planted in you -- like your shuttlecraft."

Now Harvey knew the old guy was nuts. Without the shuttle, he could not be here. "Check with your ship if you don't believe me," said Morton. Then he added expressively: "Why not just see if you can raise them? -- See if you can raise anybody out there." Harvey looked at him in shock and grabbed for his belt radio. Static. Nothing but static. He pulled his gun. "What ship?" Morton asked with a sigh. "The seed of doubt was planted in your mind and as soon as that happened, what seemed to be, ceased to be."

"But I had to get here somehow," Harvey stammered, starting to feel terror to replace his panic.

"Yes, somehow," said Morton.

For a very long minute, Harvey stood there looking at him, unable or unwilling -- to understand.

"No ship, no shuttle and no scout car -- look behind you," said Morton sadly.

Harvey did as Morton said and saw the scout car disappear.

"But...b-b-b-but..." he stammered.

"Think about it for a moment, Mr. Harvey," said Morton.

"Think how I know your name when I did not ask it. Think of the only possible way you could have gotten here without all that equipment! "

"But no!" Harvey shouted, the terrible thought forcing itself into the unwilling receptacle that was his mind. "I'm real! I'm me!"

"Are you?" Morton shot back. "Look at yourself, man!... The seed of a doubt. That's all it takes."

Harvey looked down at his feet. They were fading.

"No!" he whispered when the realization hit him.

That was all he said. He did not wink out of existence, but faded slowly, a half-witted look of stupefied surprise on his face being the last part of him to go.

Morton sighed, turned and walked back to the wrecked ship.

"It's a lonely life," he said.



ST. LEONARD'S SOCIETY INCREASES ITS WORK,
HIRES NEW EXECUTIVE

The St. Leonard's Society of Canada, with headquarters in Windsor, Ont., has hired Martin P. Tourigny of Windsor as its assistant national director.

Mr. Tourigny will help Lou Drouillard, the society's executive director, in co-ordinating its national programs. Executive director of New Beginnings, a society member home in Windsor for troubled adolescent boys, Mr. Tourigny has had 12 years of experience with the St. Leonard's Society.

He started his new job Sept. 1, after a nationwide competition to find somebody to fill the spot.

Hiring him was made possible by a \$120,000 per year federal grant to the society, to last for five years, says Mr. Drouillard. The grant will also help the society increase its programs all across Canada, he said.

The ST. Leonard's Society has 20 halfway houses and group homes across Canada, as well as programs involving victim-offender conflict resolution, community service order co-ordination, bail supervision and anti-vandalism work. It also provides help to eight new local community groups which are at various stages of developing their own residential centres.

Mr. Drouillard said that with staffing limited by lack of finances, the society was not always able to do everything it wanted to do. Although it still depends largely on private funding, the federal grant will go a long way to helping the society increase its work, he said.

The society plans to do more work with young offenders, especially now that the Young Offenders' Act has come into existence, Mr. Drouillard said

THE JOHN HOWARD SOCIETY AT MARKHAM

In 1756, Englishman John Howard, while sailing his ship to Portugal, was captured by French pirates during the Seven Years' War between Britain and France and spent many months in captivity.

When he finally returned to England, his experiences as a prisoner caused him to dedicate many years of his life to trying to improve the conditions of other prisoners.

His dedication subsequently inspired people to improve the conditions under which prisoners were forced to exist.

CANADIAN ORGANIZATION: In 1929 the Chief of Police of Tor-

onto became an important influence in the formation of an association which later became the John Howard Society in 1946.

In Toronto it is organized as a non-profit community organization staffed by professional and volunteer workers. The Society is also a member of the United Way of Greater Toronto, from which it receives monetary grants. Donations are accepted from the community as well, and tax-deductible receipts are issued. There are branches of the Society in every major Canadian city.

PURPOSES: Basically, the society involves itself in the

following undertakings:

- (1) providing services to people identified as offenders but not committed to institutions;
- (2) providing services to those who are or have been in prison;
- (3) working towards reform in all aspects of the criminal justice system;
- (4) providing information to the community concerning crime, the criminal justice system and the encouragement of citizen involvement in seeking solutions;
- (5) submitting recommendations to investigative bodies such as commissions, Parliamentary groups and the various ministers involved.

SERVICES OFFERED: These include almost every means avail-

able to reduce the cost of crime in both economic and human terms by providing the following: alternatives to incarceration; counselling action programs; 24-hour crisis hot-line; citizens accompaniment service; community education; community assessments; community service order alternatives to incarceration; worker to meet immediate needs for subsistence; employment and career counselling; group work; life-skills educator; parole supervisor; prison visitor; public relations; residential counsellor; rooms registry; secretarial and support staff; speakers bureau; volunteer program; community resources centre; club room and employment placing

cont.....

JOHN HOWARD SOCIETY (cont.),.....

MEMBERSHIP REQUIREMENTS: The society is open to all persons with or without a criminal record. The type of offence has no bearing on admission. Outside of institutions, the membership fee is very nominal, sometimes one dollar per year. At Warkworth there is no membership fee.

JHS WARKWORTH MEETS: every Wednesday evening at 6:30 p.m. in the large day room beside the library (17 building) usually ending before 8:30 p.m. Then coffee break.

PAST ACTIVITY AND SPEAKER TOPICS:

- Parole preparation.
- Halfway house discussions.
- Parole member guests.
- JHS Metro Toronto guests.
- Ontario judges.
- Police officers on special topics.
- Internal interest topics.

If you have problems or information to pass on or if you just want to socialize, come to our Wednesday meetings.

Chairman,
John Howard Society,
Warkworth Group.

July was a bit of a slow month because the Social Development staff went on holidays and all groups were cut back in such a way that some projects were shut-down for the month and others had their meetings curtailed due to the being fewer evenings to hold meetings on.

Our UNIT still had a couple of Save Camp Kawartha meetings and this was a new project which arose out of the contacts with the YMCA in Peterborough and the fact that the YMCA had several hundred acres of land that they had not used in the last couple of years. This land had been a resident camp ground for years but had recently fallen out of use.

Our UNIT was looking at getting involved in helping to raise money for a Save Camp Kawartha move which would see the land again being used for the children of the Peterborough area and the children who were involved with the YMCA.

However, as the month of July turned into August and we became better aware of the undercurrents that were involved with this entire matter, we came to realize that the property would be sold by the YMCA and the money used (at least in part) to cover expenses. Therefore, our UNIT changed the direction of its thinking and we are now looking at trying to raise the money to purchase the property for the children of the area and form a Board of Directors to run the camp.

This is a very big project but we will still be trying to get it off the ground and to put together an effort to Save Camp Kawartha for the kids.

August 13th: We were joined by Rev. Barry Wiseman, who is the Patients Advocate at the Kingston Psychiatric Hospital, and we had a very enjoyable evening learning about this new program put on through the government of Ontario and operating in all Psychiatric Hospitals.

August 11th: The Oshawa Jaycees were in to play a few games of baseball during the 11th and they played one game against our Jaycee Team and one against the Christian Fellowship Team. Hope the beer was cold on the way back to Oshawa as they needed it after losing two (2) games straight.

Anniversary: The 11th Anniversary of the UNIT has been approved for the 6th of October, a Saturday, from 2:00 pm to 10:00 pm. Great News !!!!!!!!!!!!!

Remember: Only fully paid up members are allowed to attend this event !!

JAYCEE'S

August 15th - This evening we were joined by the Rotary Club of Peterborough and counsellors from the Youth of Otonabee. They had joined us to look at the Save Camp Kawartha project and where we might be going with it.

August 20th - This evening was a very satisfactory one for us as we were able to present the Executive Director of the YMCA with a cheque for \$475.00 to go towards the Day Camp they run. Also joining us were counsellors from the Youth of Otonabee who gave us a talk on the work that they do with troubled youths and how their program runs. This was also a bit of a sad evening as we bid farewell to President Bob Fraser who was being transferred to camp. During the evening he was presented with a "Lifetime Membership" in the Markworth Jaycees. He will be very missed but we wish him all the best!!

Sparkplug Certificate - John Delyzer

New Members Inducted - Bill Richmond
Russ Fockler
Roy Janes
Mark Behrens
Al Price
Mike Nelson
John White

Involvement in the Markworth Jaycees is open to any inmate within Markworth Institution and you are all welcome to come to the Jaycee meetings which are in # 17 building-(school) on the Monday evenings of each week; except when there is a holiday.